MYRTLE BEACH: the high school barrage. pg. 3

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Crime: what people are doing about it.

Photo by Bob Thompson

Sentry Dogs of Columbia has one answer to the crime problem. For others, see page four.

OSCEOLA

"Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one."
— press critic A.J. Liebling

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Braggadocio on the Fourth of July

The Bicentennial, like the Fourth of July, is an occasion for justifiable flag-waving. Yet it is hard to strike just the right note. Certainly there should be a grave acknowledgement, if not over-romanticized, of our debt to the Founding Fathers. And they still have things to teach us. Patrick Henry, for example, has something to say to President Ford.

An advertisement by the Richmond Corporation in **The Wall Street Journal** in May is headed, "If Patrick Henry Were Alive Today" and is written by Barry Goldwater. The senator uses the space to belabor pacifism, permissiveness and bureaucracy. Maybe that's what Patrick Henry would be saying today.

But we do know what he **did** say after the revolution and it is just as pertinent now as then; he said he favored postwar amnesty. He wasn't talking about the young men who, for reasons of conscience, wouldn't fight in a war that practically everybody now agrees was a mistake. He was talking about the Tories who wouldn't go along with the revolution. John Adams guessed that the colonists were divided in three equal parts -- the advocates of independence, the Tories and the fence-sitters. Post-war bitterness could hardly have been more poisonous. With the war hardly over Patrick Henry surprised his radical followers when he urged the Virginia legislature to pass an act of "oblivion and restoration" for the vanquished loyalists. Yes, he wanted clemency and amnesty. He said that America needed the people who had left the country, and that they would make good citizens. "Oblivion and restoration." Make a note of it, Bicentennial orators and Mr. Ford.

Mobil Oil has been helpful too; it has been telling us what Sam Adams would say. Sam Adams deserves all our gratitude. He was a born revolutionary firebrand and the greatest propagandist of his time, who invented the Boston "massacre" and whose secret "committees of correspondence" around the colonies Harvard historian Samuel Eliot Morison likens to, without denigration, the revolutionary cells created by modern Communist agitators. We had rather a stodgy image of Mobil and it's an agreeable surprise to find out its affinity for Sam Adams.

Something about the Bicentennial seems to tempt big corporations to frisk in print like cats in catnip. Here is a four-page color spread by Conoco in **Time** telling how Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, Hamilton, Abigail Adams and others would have rejected government controls, economic constraints and all that. But why do they stop there? A lot of our Founding Fathers (and all reverence to them) didn't believe in our idea of democracy at all, let alone government controls. Conoco could quote John Jay: "the people who own the country ought to govern the country"; Fisher Ames who wanted government of the "wise, the rich and the good"; John Adams who regarded Jefferson's belief in the common man as sentimental nonsense, and Hamilton who wanted a lifetime President, possibly hereditary, and government by "rich and well-born." It would make a nice Conoco ad.

Finally here is the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, caught up in the spirit of the thing in monster type in an advertisement in **The New York Times** telling us that "we have the greatest amount of freedom for the individual of any country in the world...of choice...of religion...of thought...of speech." Fine, fine; just the thing for the fourth, to take our minds off FBI, CIA, wiretapping and Watergate. It recalls an essay by Arthur Schlesinger, Sr. back in 1949, that America's attractive "quality of optimism" was noted by many visitors but "attained its most blatant expression, however, in the national addiction to bragging." It is gratifying to feel that the U.S. Chamber preserves this inheritance.

One should strike a note about the Fathers that is thankfully appreciative without being jingoistically maudlin because, while they were so far ahead of their own time, they were still far from us in many concepts. In a moving and dignified article in **The University of Chicago Magazine** (Summer, 1975) Prof. John Hope Franklin, a black, writing on "The Moral Legacy of the Founding Fathers" notes quietly one of the ugliest ironies in history, a noble Declaration proclaiming that "all men are created equal" written by slaveholders. It would be "perverse," he says, to derive satisfaction from calling attention to the flaws in the character and conduct of the Fathers, and "irresponsible" to do so merely to indulge in whimsical iconoclasm. But even today, as Prof. Franklin underlines, it is a moral challenge to face the matter honestly. Over in England, in 1772, Lord Mansfield outlawed slavery in the Somerset case on the compelling ground that human bondage was "too odious" to continue. The Foundifng Fathers kept clear of it. At several times before and during the revolution groups of slaves heard the word "liberty" and appealed for freedom. They were ignored.

The word "slavery," of course, does not appear in the Constitution, though it is there by indirection: the compromise of counting blacks as "three-fifths" of a person in apportioning representatives, and also in Article 1, Section 9 where it is stated by masterly circumlocution: "the Migration or Importation of such Persons as any of the States now existing shall think proper to admit, shall not be prohibited by Congress prior to the Year one thousand eight hundred and eight." We doubt if these passages from the Constitution are read at many celebrations of the fourth.

Let us be proud, but let us not be overproud. John Gardner of Common Cause notes that "When this nation was founded, there was a Holy Roman Emperor, Venice was a republic, France was ruled by a king, China by an emperor, Japan by a shogun, Russia by a czar, Great Britain was a monarchy; and among the world powers the only government that stands essentially unchanged is the Federal Union put together in the 1780s by 13 states on the East Coast of North America."

There is also the splendidly acerb comment by E.B. White: "Democracy is the recurrent suspicion that more than half of the people are right more than half of the time."

And there is Prof. Franklin's thought that "if we would deal with our past in terms of realities...it becomes necessary for us to deal with our early deaders in their own terms, namely, as frail, fallible human beings..." ■

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Myrtle Beach cruisin'

Photos by Michael Bane

by Michael Bane

In the shadow of the roller coaster they're selling pennies for 89 cents apiece. Lincoln pennies -- plain old crummy Lincoln pennies just like the ones in your pockets -- stamped with a fake pipe, stuffed into cardboard and plastic blisters and hustled to the tourists, gen-u-wine souvenirs of Myrtle Beach -- "Say, son, have you seen my Myrtle Beach souvenir penny? You remember, the one with Mr. Lincoln smoking a pipe, made him look like an honest Sherlock Holmes. The one we got right under the roller coaster for only 89 cents? Whatdaya mean, you wanted a piece of gum! That was valuable!"

Shit on that -- tonight -- tonight's gonna be different.

No parents tonight. No special dinners in Calabash or family walks down the beach or questions about coming in late. No hassles about that bottle of Smirnoff's -- no cheap stuff tonight. Who knows, maybe even a joint or two if things pan out. But tonight, no hassles. No hassles at all.

Still early yet -- the sun seems to be setting in fits and starts at the far end of Ocean Boulevard. Still early enough for the old people to own the beach. They move in packs, security you know, couples and couples of couples still dominating the Boulevard, that leisurely shuffle of the elderly setting an oh-so-slow pace for the early walkers. The sidewalk benches are full -- can you believe it? -- rows and rows of grandmothers and grandfathers, aunts and uncles, staring and talking and watching as the beach comes alive, flexing flashy muscles like a sleepy dragon. They sit and point, move from bench to bench like cosmic chess pawns, maybe giggle a little, maybe tut-tut about how this granddaughter or that niece just wouldn't be caught dead, I say dead, in a place like this, dressed like some cheap floozy, all hanging out like that.

Still early yet, plenty of time for a quick dip in the ocean to cool off, to shake off the vestiges of that long drive. Plenty of time yet for a greasy beach hot dog, loaded with mustard and onions and sand, and a watered down coke, maybe watered down a little more with that Smirnoff's.

Gotta loosen up, you understand. Gotta be just right -- ready for anything -- tonight.

Bolt the dog, gulp the coke (with a shot of vodka, just to be sure), hang the sandy beach towel -- the Budweiser man, a little frayed around the edges; sentimental value, you know -- over the balcony rail -- fantastic: five floors of beach towels and bikinis, just waving in the afternoon seabreeze. Definitely the right time and place, man. Grab a quick shower -- Jesus! That water feels like steel wool on a sunburned back -- rummage through the single duffel bag for a clean pair of jeans. New jeans, special for the trip -- pre-washed to look like old jeans. Expensive, and definitely worth it. Fish around for a tee shirt -- man, everyone on this beach must have a tee shirt: numbers, letters, schools -- if that kid in the Davidson shirt goes to Davidson, it must be Davidson Elementary; that dude's not 12 -- mottoes, slogans, schlock -- what kind of cretin wears a "Chevy Eater" tee shirt any more; Jesus -- silk-screened, hand-lettered and just plain white. Knock the residual sand out of the sneakers -- black and white Adidas, old enough to qualify as gen-u-wine antiques -- and, finally, hit the street, Ocean Boulevard.

Imagine, then, a drop, a single point -- one person slamming the door to a motel room, maybe at the Queen Inn, maybe at the El Dora, maybe somewhere else, stepping outside to join other persons, forming a trickle, a steady throb of pubescent culture trickling down the radial of Ocean Boulevard. The night's warm and a little muggy, trapped between the afternoon and evening seabreeze, filled with unmistakable odors of salt and people moving. Imagine the trickle become torrents as hundreds of motel doors slam shut, four steady streams, both sides of the street, from the north and south, flooding together in the approximate (at least temporarily, say until dawn) center of the universe, an unlikely spot called the Attic.

"Please remain seated until the ride comes to a full stop" -- from the carnival hawker across the street from the benches around the Attic -- "Is everybody happy?"

Replaced by the opening whine of Grand Funk.

"So how come you haven't won anything for me yet? So how come?"

"What do you mean go back to the car? It's just starting -- We can't go back to the car now."

"Puh-leese, please go get us something. Sure we're 18, but it's so much trouble to get dressed and go to that store. Come on, for God's sake!"

"I should have turned around and said, 'they're not things, asshole, they're tits."

"What did you think of those two parties last weekend? Crummy..."

"Ouch! Don't squeeze my hand so hard! Yes I know you didn't mean..."

"He's an ass."

"Have you ever really met any Randolph girls you liked, though?"

"Are you really from Canada?"

Incredible -- she's still there. Still sitting on that mouldring green bench with her ugly friend -- Jesus -- how could anybody that foxy hang around with such a dog? It must be a law, man, some kind of Myrtle Beach city ordinance -- to wit: all foxy women on Ocean Boulevard must be accompanied by either an ugly friend, a big-ass boyfriend, a crowd of other women or all of the above. Random fraternization is discouraged. She does, though, have beautiful nipples -- dark brown and wrinkled under the white jersey of that halter. She might as well be wearing a spider web. Nipples that, would you say, demand attention. Fantasy nipples on wet-dream breasts.

For God's sake, so who stands here on Ocean Boulevard some 15 year-old kid watching girl's gym? This is the place, man. This is the night. No reason to rush things along.

Shit, this place don't close up 'til dawn.

"Why don't we go down to the Attic? You don't know how many men there are there."

"You wouldn't believe it. He called me four times just last night. I still said no."

"No really, he doesn't cuss as much as other boys. I mean, he swears a little, but I guess all the boys do a little."

"This is the fourth time I've been here. Dave's been here three times and I've been here one more time than him. We love it."

"Sometimes I'm ashamed of my own state."

"This car will run on only two cylinders with the use of these wonder spark plugs. That's right, two."

"What are we sitting around here for? Let's go party for a while."

"I'll tell you what happened. My Daddy walked in the room and..."

"One of twelve Rolls Royces made like this, belonging to the Duke of Windsor..."

"Get lost."

"I'm waiting for a friend."

"No."

"All right. Why not?"

The people on the roller coaster throw up their hands and scream, right on cue, like somebody was holding a card that says "SCREAM!" Maybe they're screamin' because their feet hurt.

It starts out with a little throb just below you big toe, spreading like napalm down your sunburned heel and back to each individual toe, a little reminder of each and every inch of Ocean Boulevard.

The shirt scrapes.

The jeans chafe.

The people on the roller coaster scream.

Oh man, what a night. No more.

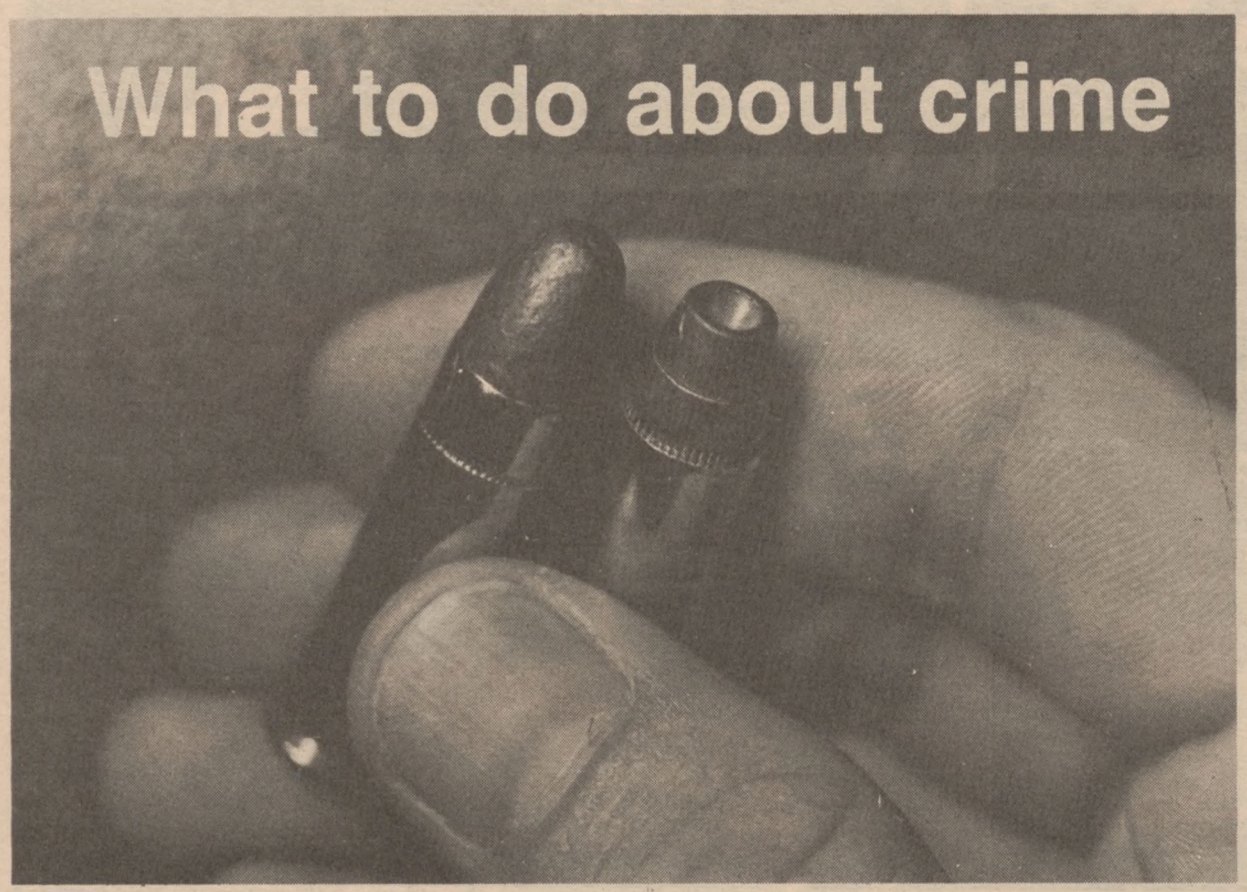
A motel room door opens, then closes.

The past, as they say, is only prelude. No shit -- wait until tomorrow night.

■

Myrtle Beach

What to do about crime



Death dealers: the round-nose bullet and the hollow-point

By BOB THOMPSON

1974 was a banner year for criminals in South Carolina. During that time, 111,186 major crimes were committed in the state, according to statistics compiled by the State Law Enforcement Division. That means that, on the average, a major crime -- murder, rape, robbery, aggravated assault, burglary, larceny or motor vehicle theft -- was committed by every 25th resident of South Carolina. There were a number of multiple offenders, so the number of individuals committing major crimes was less than 111,186 undoubtedly. But the figures are still awesome.

Larceny comprised most of those crimes -- 49,593 to be exact. Most thefts were in the $50 to $200 category. Burglary and breaking or entering came in a close second, with 41,551 cases. There were 7,585 motor vehicle thefts, 7,865 cases of aggravated assault, 3,434 robberies, 706 rapes or rape attempts, and 452 murders.

South Carolina citizens had $30.9 million in property stolen last year, averaging out to over $11 per resident. Only $10.5 million worth of goods were recovered later.

Add up all the facts and figures, and you come to the inevitable conclusion that crime is indeed big business in South Carolina. The same holds true for Richland County, where in 1974 there were reported 56 murders, 115 rapes, 621 robberies, 624 aggravated assaults, 6,315 burglaries, 7,902 thefts, and 1,283 stolen motor vehicles. The question is, of course, whether the number of crimes is high in respect to the population, for Richland County is South Carolina's third most populous county. The answer is, yes: the crime rate is high in Richland County.

Richland County is exceeded by only nine of the state's 46 counties in the number of murders per 10,000 people, at 2.2. Just two counties -- Beaufort and Charleston -- must admit to having a higher incidence of rape than Richland County (4.6 per 10,000 people). Richland County also has some other statistics that are impressive in a negative way. In 1974 it was first in the rate of larcenies, second in burglaries, and third in robbery and motor vehicle theft. Only in the frequency of aggravated assault, where it ranks 26th, is Richland County not among the state's leaders in the crime rate. Well, you can't win 'em all.

Almost everyone in Richland County seems aware of the severe problems the county's having with crimes. The Columbia city police and the county sheriff's department are beefing up their forces and trying out new law enforcement techniques and equipment. At the same time, people who don't trust law enforcement personnel to protect their lives and property are taking matters into their own hands, checking into other alternatives such as guard dogs, burglar alarms, and guard patrols. And those who don't trust either the police or themselves with the burden of crime-fighting are hiding from criminals in super-secure but super-expensive residential areas.

*****

Cloistered in a barren industrial area bordered by the Congaree River and Interstate 126 is a training ground for one of the most fearsome alternatives to traditional police protection. Sentry Dogs of Columbia is an innocuous sounding name -- much more docile than what it represents, which is a training center for guard dogs.

Sentry Dogs is located at 100 Calhoun Street, down in the hinterlands of the western side of Huger Street, just south of Elmwood Avenue. The entire area bordered by Huger and Assembly Streets and the river gives one's skin an unpleasant tingly feeling, because about the most prominent features there are the ominous-looking, barbwired facilities of the Central Correctional Institution, and a scattering of decrepit black slums.

A dirt road branching off of the last paved portions of Calhoun Street marks the entrance to Sentry Dogs. It's a pleasant place, really -- if you don't get unnerved by the signs warning of "bad dog" at the entrance. The kennel is like most others: a one-story concrete structure, small, with a number of fenced pens outside. It's in the middle of clearing, surrounded by pretty shade trees. Beneath the trees, half a dozen thick wooden posts are anchored in the ground, and imbedded in each post is an eye connected to a three-foot length of sturdy link chain. On the business end of each chain is a snarling, snapping guard dog.

Standing within the semicircle formed by the dogs is a trainer, one of three handlers that work for the company. A stocky, tanned, muscular young man, he wears clothes that seem unusually flimsy for a man working around vicious dogs -- tee shirt and cutoff jeans. On his one arm is a heavily padded protective sheath-type glove that extends to the shoulder. The reason for the light clothes is that normal clothes offer little to no protection against the powerful jaws and sharp teeth of the dogs; so it's best to be comfortable, and mobile so as not to get caught.

Four of the six dogs being trained are German shepherds, the most popular watch-dog because of their availability, intelligence, viciousness and strength. Chained to one post is a Doberman pinscher, the next most popular guard dog. Next to the Doberman is a small, squat dog that looks like an extremely muscular version of a husky; it is a Japanese breed, called an Akita. Other dogs, mostly German shepherds and Dobermans, with a few other breeds, yap noisily in their pens.

All of the chained dogs but one are being trained as "business rental attack dogs." Sentry Dogs' chief handler, Bill Mullis, explains what that means. Sentry Dogs has two types of dogs -- rental attack dogs, and "obedience and command attack" dogs. The types of dogs are as different as can be: one trained to guard mostly industrial premises, when and where no one is supposed to be around; and the family guard dog, obedience-trained to be docile with kids but trained to attack without mercy upon command. Sentry Dogs rents attack dogs to businesses, dropping the dogs off at night and picking them up in the morning. The "obedience and command attack" dogs are the kind that homeowners might buy to protect their homes and families.

Sentry Dogs deals primarily in business rental attack dogs. A good many industries, Mullis says, are renting dogs to guard their premises because "anything an armed guard can do, our dogs can do better and cheaper." And, Mullis grins, "Dogs don't put anything in their pockets when they leave."

Rental dogs "have no obedience, and no friends except their handlers," Mullis says. Their primary purpose is to look as menacing as possible, so that potential burglars and robbers will think twice before committing a crime. "Our dogs will eat you," Mullis says with a nonchalance, a lack of stress on the word "eat" that shows he's not just trying to be dramatic. He's not kidding; make no mistake about that. "But we'd rather convince the criminal not to commit a crime," he adds.

"It makes a believer out of you, when a dog comes flying at you about four feet high and he hits that fence," Mullis says -- especially when the realization strikes home that the fence is all that's between you and maiming or even death.

But the kind of dog that most people concerned about Richland County's increasing residential crime rate would consider, would be "obedience and command attack dogs." Sentry Dogs only sells these dogs, now just "occasionally," Mullis says. "These dogs are nice, the kind you can pet," he explains. "These dogs are completely obedience-trained. The dog can come in the house and watch television, and the kids can climb all over him. But on command he becomes a snarling, vicious animal, willing to give up his life for his master or property."

One major reason the sale of dogs is only "occasional" is, no doubt, the price tag. A family guard dog costs anywhere from $500 to $800. Mullis stresses, though, that the price is not unreasonable, because it takes 12 to 16 weeks to train the dogs, and they give an average of eight years of service before they grow too old. And, strange as it may sound, banks are becoming more favorable toward loaning people money for guard dogs, according to Mullis.

Mullis related the story of one customer who found that a dog was the best -- if not the only -- answer to the problem of recurring break-ins. "A guy out on Monticello Road was hit (by burglars) three or four times in two months. At about a thousand dollars a clip, it didn't take more than a couple of those to justify buying a dog." The man got a bank loan to buy a dog, said Mullis, and he hasn't been broken into since.

Unfortunately, guard dogs haven't helped lower and middle class families much in their fight against crime, because few have been able to afford dogs. When the economy was at its lowest ebb, Mullis relates, sales of dogs were down, and rentals comprised most of the company's business. "Now we're selling more and more dogs," he says, "and that means more common people are buying dogs, because the wealthy weren't hurt by the recession anyhow."

"We can't train them fast enough now."

The dogs are their own best salesmen. Watching them trying to rip that huge padded glove off of the handler and get at his flesh is a fearsome spectacle. The handlers know what they're up against, and they're careful. One dog in the kennel, a Rottweiler, snarls and smashes against the fence as a photographer goes near with a camera. Mullis explains that the "Rott," a smallish black mutt-looking dog with a neck as thick as a man's leg, is the strongest dog in the world. "His jaws are five times as powerful as a German shepherd's," he says.

*****

A much more pleasant way to fight crime in Columbia is the Heritage, a luxury condominuim highrise at the corner of Senate and Gregg Streets. It, too, is designed for the wealthy who are afraid of crime. The minimum price for a condominium is $50,000, and building manager Ken Herron estimates the average condominium costs $73,000.

"The Heritage...Security," reads the newspaper ad, with a photo of a uniformed security guard drawing one's attention. The ad copy is equally security-oriented:

"Last year over 10,800 crimes were committed in Metropolitan Columbia. Over 3,200 of the crimes involved breaking and entering.

"At The Heritage, security is a part of the way of life. A total home security system offers the maximum in individual protection against intrusion, fire or emergencies. Any problems are immediately identified at the lobby control center by 24-hour security personnel. And, entrance to the mug-proof parking garage, and rear of the building is possible only by individual electronic card locks."

"Maybe you've never experienced an act of crime, and we hope you never will. But, it could happen! It happens in our community on the average of 25 times a day."

"The Heritage. Peace of Mind."

Crime, according to Herron, is "the major concern of every person who comes into this structure." Because crime is so rampant, and because it "makes good copy," Herron says, people are now more concerned than ever about securing their homes against break-ins. Those who are especially concerned are the middle-aged to elderly, the affluent, retired persons, widows, divorcees, and busy executives who don't spend much time at home but are wealthy enough to have a lot to protect. That's where The Heritage gets its buyers.

The Heritage is a beautiful fortress, simply put. The security system it uses is amazing -- and costly. The system, by Digital, cost $10,000 to install, and it costs several hundred dollars a month just to maintain. And those costs don't include the two full-time doormen, whose main duty

during the day is keeping out unwanted "visitors," and a Pinkerton guard -- who run the security bill up another $30,000 a year. "People don't care about cost in this type of situation. They are only worried about their safety," Herron explained, "and they will pay a good price for their safety."

There are only three entrances to The Heritage -- the front door facing Senate Street, the back door facing the garage, and the alley, where supplies are brought in. During the day -- from 8 a.m. to 4 p.m. -- the front door is open, but a doorman is always present. When locked, the doors can be opened by the residents or employees punching out a code on a telephone-like instrument next to the doors, which will unlock the doors for five seconds.

All residents have small plastic cards to get them into the garage. They insert the cards into an electronic box in the driveway, and the garage doors open -- for five seconds only. I asked Herron if the doors had ever closed on someone's car when they didn't get through in five seconds. He said no. "We've instructed our residents how to use the garage," and they know not to fool around.

In addition to all this, The Heritage has a "Talk-A-Phone" system with speakers and microphones throughout the building -- at each outside entrance, in the garage, in the clubrooms, in the sauna, everywhere people might be. All the doorman or guard has to do to hear what's happening in a certain spot is to punch a button. At night, the buttons marked "Front door," "Alley door," and "Back door" are always pushed in, so that the guard can hear anyone who might try to get in the building. You can hear traffic passing by on Gregg Street, and people talking as they walk by.

But is this shining example of Fortress America really necessary? Herron thinks so. He talks of some competitive luxury condominiums and apartment houses that don't put as much emphasis on security, and he points out that there have been several muggings there. With pride, he says only once has The Heritage had an incident of possible trouble, when two men entered the building to "do something" -- he demurely declined to say what -- and The System worked.

The Heritage, and places like it, are not the solution to crime for many people, because of their cost. But for the wealthy, The Heritage provides an alternative. Herron emphasizes that it's often the rich who suffer the ravages of crime, because they have the most to lose, and because police protection is often focused on high crime areas (which tend to be poverty areas).

"It's one of the tragedies of our social structure," says Herron, that while the wealthy are paying the most taxes for police protection, they often get the least. Because the wealthy often live in the suburbs, long distances from the police headquarters, it may take the police 15 minutes to respond to a call for help from an affluent area.

Herron is "firmly convinced" that The Heritage -- "one of a kind" in Columbia, he says -- is the residence of the future. He said many of his clients are coming from other

Photo by Bob Thompson

The Heritage: Fortress America

Photo by Bob Thompson

OUCH! Bill Moore of Sentry Dogs grimaces at a ferocious attack

luxury dwellings where security is not as important.

If anyone is aware of the crime problem in Columbia and Richland County, it is the wealthy and the aged. "Let's face it," Herron says, "people are scared. It's a frightful situation for people who have reached the age where they cannot physically defend themselves."

*****

In 1974, SLED statistics show, burglaries and breaking or entering made up 38 percent of the major crimes in Columbia. The SLED figures also show Richland County (which includes the city) with almost the same ratio.

Because burglaries and break-ins are so numerous, and because they involve more personal trauma than most other crimes (with the exception of rape), they are often the source of most concern to citizens. Burglaries can be traumatic because, as psychologist Dr. Morton Bard said, the fact that someone has entered a victim's house makes the victim question his security: "It's not really a matter of this robber's taking possessions, but an extension of the victim's self that has been intruded upon." Consequently, Bard says, many burglary and robbery victims feel a dirty sensation, as if someone has fouled their home.

Accordingly, sales of burglar alarms have increased in the past several years, according to several dealers contacted. The growth in sales has not been dramatic, but it has been steady. The alarms range in price from what one dealer disparagingly called "these $19.95 gimmicks that people put on their windows" up to a $100,000 system designed for a mansion.

Frank McGuire, owner of Carolina Security Systems near Dentsville, said that many of the burglar alarm systems which he sells cost less than $500, though he said the cost was difficult to assess without knowing the size and type of structure to be protected. McGuire said that his sales volume has been increasing from 35 to 50 percent per year -- an increase which he attributed partly to increased crime but more often because people have become more security conscious. "While it's true we've had an increase in crime," said McGuire, "it's not been that great in the past two or three years."

Another burglar alarm dealer answered, "Yes, sir," when asked if he was selling more alarms. "Business is doing fine," the dealer explained, citing the same reasons McGuire gave -- a more security conscious public and a higher rate of crime.

Unfortunately, while the national economic straits have probably caused more and more people to turn to burglary as an illicit means of making ends meet, at the same time the tightness of money has kept the sales of burglar alarms and other protective measures from keeping up with the crime rate. As Bill Watkins, manager of Guardmark, Inc., explained, "Some people don't see this service (security) as being income producing," and so they don't want to spend money for security. "It's not income producing," admitted Watkins, "but it is income **saving**, when you prevent thefts."

Who's buying burglar alarms, then? It's not just the wealthy, as you might think, according to Mrs. Frank McGuire of Carolina Security Systems. "Anyone can afford a burglar alarm," she says, and her company gets business from "the full gamut of society," including a great many teachers, retired service people, and doctors. Her husband concurs, saying that their buyers range along "the entire spectrum of the economy, from day laborers to millionaires."

The two law enforcement agencies primarily responsible for keeping Richland County's criminals in check, the Columbia police department and the Richland County sheriff's department, are trying a number of ways to fight the burgeoning crime rate.

Sheriff Frank Powell last year got county council to buy an additional 25 patrol cars, and Powell also initiated an Anonymous Crime Tips (ACT) program, which was basically aimed at stopping drug trafficking and, ultimately, reducing the number of robberies, burglaries and other drug-related crimes. Columbia police chief William R. Cauthen recently announced he'd set up a "quick response team" which was supposed to have officers on the scenes of crimes much more rapidly. Cauthen also will soon have city policemen using hollow-point bullets, instead of the traditional round-nose slugs.

Cauthen's decision to use hollow-point bullets could prove controversial. The type of bullets which Columbia policemen will begin using is similar to the "dumdum" bullets which have caused controversies elsewhere. Hollow-point bullets are designed so that when they enter an object -- a person, or whatever -- the scooped out lead nose expands, mushroom-like, so that the bullet rips a much larger hole than regular round-nose bullets, which keep their shape and do not expand. Hollow-point slugs have a lot more "stopping power" than standard ammunition -- which is why a number of police departments are switching to them.

Yet many civil rights groups and churches have vehemently opposed hollow-point bullets on the grounds that they are "inhumane," that they are intended to kill, not to wound. Furthermore, if a dumdum bullet hits a hard object, like cement, it fragments more easily than a round-nose bullet. Thus, the dumdum's opponents have argued, policemen using dumdum bullets stand a greater chance of wounding an innocent bystander if they happen to miss whomever they're shooting at.

Cauthen was quick to point out that his department isn't going to use "dumdum" bullets, under his definition of the term. He said dumdums have a steel jacket, while the hollow-point bullet has a lead jacket. The steel jacket, he said, increases the damage wrought by the bullet.

"We're not going to the dumdum," he said. "The hollow-point and the dumdum are two completely different things," he continued. He handed me what he said was a dumdum bullet, and warned, "That's a destructive thing you've got in your hand."

Cauthen said the Columbia police were following the leadership of the FBI in switching to the hollow-point bullet, which the FBI uses exclusively now. "The regular 158-grain (round-nose bullet) doesn't do enough of a job," Cauthen alleged, "and the dumdum does too much of a job." He called the hollow-point his men will use "a happy medium between the dumdum and the regular 158-grain."

Frank Powell is trying a number of ways to curtail crime in the county, but hollow-point bullets are not among those ways. The sheriff said his deputies will continue to use regular .38 caliber bullets. "A lot of people don't think they're strong enough. But when the decision comes, you have to think about taking a human life."

The different approaches to crime-fighting that Powell and Cauthen take, and their respective success rates, are interesting. Powell runs what he calls an "innovative" sheriff's department. His is hiring only college graduates now, and he says over half the force now has college degrees. The average age of sheriff's deputies is 25, Powell said. He has even hired a female deputy-psychologist to work mainly with rape victims.

Powell can point to figures that show he's been at least partially successful in slowing down crime. In the first five months of this year, for instance, 591 burglaries were reported, compared to a monthly average of 348 last year. That's a decline of 66 percent (though it's not entirely accurate to compare averages compiled from January through June of 1975 with averages of all 12 months in 1975, because the crime rate is usually much higher in the latter half of the year).

Powell also contended that all six other major crime categories have shown a "drastic decrease" so far this year. He claimed that of $579,000 worth of property stolen in the first five months of 1975, $522,000 has been recovered. That's a 90 percent recovery rate, which is phenomenal if it is an accurate reflection of stolen and recovered property in Richland County. The percent of property recovered in the entire state last year was only 34.1 percent, according to SLED statistics.

The Columbia city police are not doing as well, compared to last year. Figures supplied by the police department show an increase of three percent in the number of major crimes, comparing the first three months of 1974 to the first three months of 1975. Burglaries are up 13 percent, larcenies up 15 percent, robberies up 21 percent, and rapes up 100 percent. On the positive side, auto thefts were down 17 percent, and murders had decreased by 43 percent.

Direct comparisons of the crime rates of Richland County (excluding the city) and Columbia are probably not entirely fair, since each area has its particular problems in law enforcement. The sheriff's department, for example, has only 139 deputies to patrol one of the largest counties in the state; and Richland County's population, excluding the city, is about 135,000. The city, with a projected 1975 population of 114,000, and an area of 25 square miles, has 210 uniformed policemen. And there are other factors to consider that affect the amount of crime -- such as the distribution of wealth, the availability of recreational areas, and the cultural mix of people -- which are extremely difficult to ascertain.

Yet national warnings about a "long, hot summer" of violence and crime seem portentous in light of the current difficulty of containing crime. While law enforcement officials can be expected to be optimistic about the crime situation -- it is their job to be so, it almost seems -- the way people are reacting to crime gives hint to the fact that a long, hot summer of crime may be on the way. ■

music

by michael bane

Russell, Taylor on the rebound

Photo by Charlie Denton

Russell in concert at Columbia in 1972

You may remember Leon Russell.

Sure you do -- skinny guy from Oklahoma; long stringy hair and crazy Fu Manchu whiskers; usually wore a top hat; hung around with lots of people you also probably remember, like that cute Bramlett couple and that strange epileptic Englishman, Joe something-or-other.

Leon's been gone quite a while now, ever since someone told him how good he was. And he was good, by the way. I remember seeing Leon Russell in concert five or six years ago, before the **Carney** album catapulted him into the stratosphere of rock stardom. There was something positively maniacal, some superhuman intentness, in that skinny figure pounding the Steinway Baby Grand. The very idea of a white Midwesterner singing rock-ified black gospel, and singing it like there was no tomorrow, has its own special appeal. The concert remains one of the best I've ever seen.

So after years of playing backups and building a cult following of his own, Russell's career took off like that proverbial rocket -- only to crash headlong into ego problems, sloppy material and a series of unfortunate decisions.

Instead of a skinny Oklahoman singing gospel blues, we got the same guy singing country under a pseudonym -- good for a little novelty value and damn little airplay. Then the same fellow decided to lend his talents to a fusion of rock, where he was most comfortable, to jazz, where he was in over his head. Add to that one sloppy live album, and -- poof -- Leon Russell fades into rock and roll heaven.

But now we have **Will O' the Wisp** (Shelter), with a contrite Leon Russell making a comeback he never should have had to make.

The distinctive voice is back under control, yowling and crooning left to the halcyon post-Woodstock days. The album's production by Russell and Denny Cordell is as flawless as it is complicated, proof that the complex technology of 40-track (that's right, machine freaks, 40 tracks) recording and extensive use of synthesizers can, in the proper hands, be controlled for the benefit of mankind. And finally there's Russell's fortunate association with singer Mary McCreary, who's brassy background vocals give Russell the punch he's been lacking since losing Claudia Lennear to the pages of Playboy Magazine.

What gives this new album an edge on Russell's most recent work is the superb blending of his talents as a pop musician, especially with the synthesizer, and his ear for production. He uses both the synthesizer and the 40-track machine with virtuosity and -- I think this is the key word -- restraint. He thankfully refuses to succumb to the technological jollies, even in his most complex numbers.

The instrumental title cut, "Will O'The Wisp," "Little Hideaway" and my personal favorite, "Back to the Island," are three of the best produced numbers I've heard. Russell's synthesizer work and McCreary's background vocals are so good on "Back to the Island" that I'll even forgive the synthesized chirping birds.

"Can't Get Over Losing You" and "Bluebird" further explore the synthesizer, with J.J. Cale adding his distinctive guitar signature on "Losing You." That cut also features Minoru Muraoka on the Japanese wooden flute, which, amazingly enough, works.

The other six tracks offer a sampler of the new Leon Russell, including just a touch of the old gospel ("Down on Deep River"), a hint of the old rocker ("Laying Right Here In Heaven") and a bit of the blues ("Lady Blue").

This album isn't Russell's best, but it goes a long way in establishing his return from rock and roll heaven. It promises better things for the future.

†††††

SO I'M PLAYING the new James Taylor album when a friend happens to wander through the living room. After listening for a few minutes, she says -- you know, that James Taylor album sounds like all the other James Taylor albums.

That about sums it up, folks.

If you were expecting anything other than the millionth rehash of "Sweet Baby James," forget it. **Gorilla** (Warner Bros.), the latest release from one-half of America's favorite couple, carefully follows the well-charted course of Taylor's work -- no surprises -- a few ballads coupled with Taylor's less than emotional delivery.

That's really been my main complaint with James Taylor all along -- his albums rate an absolute zilch on the sincerity chart. I've always made it a point to leave the room when some unfortunate digs out a copy of "Fire and Rain" to show us how it was in the good old days, and I can't see much improvement since then. I've always imagined that Sweet Baby James was knocking out albums to fulfill some hastily signed contract, or maybe to ransom Carly out of white slavery. The fire just isn't there.

So it goes with **Gorilla.**

I will concede a couple of minor exceptions. There are two cuts on this 11-song album that transcend Taylor's deadening monotone, thanks largely to the backup vocals of David Crosby and Graham Nash. "Mexico," on side one, and "Lighthouse," on the second side, are the strongest songs on the album. The Crosby/Nash harmonies give the two songs an infectious rhythm -- even Taylor seems to be having a good time with "Mexico" and gritting his teeth a little with "Lighthouse." Randy ("Good Ole Boys") Newman lends a hand on "Lighthouse." Both songs are, predictably, about wandering, with a lost love on the side.

The rest of the album is stock Taylor material, including the obligatory love song to Carly Simon ("Love Songs"):

> "Never was I so in love before
> The World is like a collage
> And the only thing I can see clearly
> Is the slow steady glow of love in
> her eyes."†

Not to mention the standard duet, this time venerable old "How Sweet It Is (To Be Loved By You."

And then there is the title track, featuring Taylor on the ukulele bemoaning the fate of our hairy jungle brothers:

> "He's got arms like legs
> He's got hands on his feet
> He's got a nose like a doughnut
> ....
> He's still a gorilla."†

So that's it -- Sweet Baby James rides again. No big deal.

"...What gives this new album an edge is Russell's superb blending of his talents as a pop musician, especially with the synthesizer, and his ear for production..."

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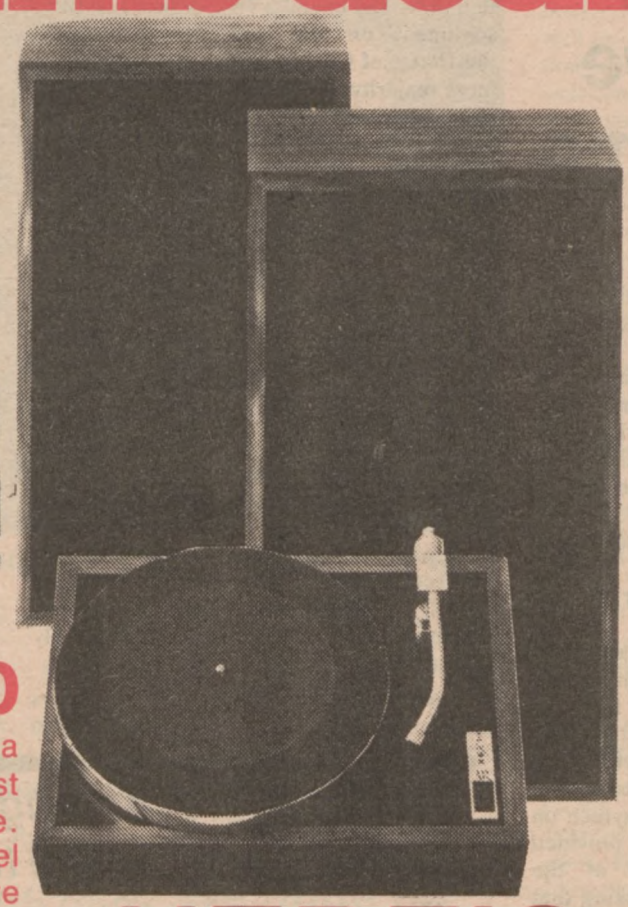

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television

by Dan Lackey

An infuriating, provocative social drama

Departing somewhat from his usual format William F. Buckley Jr. invited three contemporary commentators to "Firing Line" to voice their views on the subject of abortion. The three commentators were: Norman St. John-Stevas from England, author, lawyer, member of Parliament; Margot Hentoff, columnist for the Village Voice and contributor to the New York Review of Books; and the Reverend Josphy O'Rourke, Catholic radical activist, recently discharged from his Jesuit order for his "heretical" views on abortion.

It is safe to say that three more articulate or well-informed individuals could have been found to discuss an issue heated more by frenetic static than individual currents of clear thought. Despite the professional pre-eminence of each of these people, all were, to one degree or another, laymen on the issue of abortion, and as such provided an admirably clear litmus test of the emotional confusion and fuzzy thinking that usually underlie its debate. The program was, of course, clearly biased against the idea of abortion, against liberalized abortion law, and especially against any system of abortion on demand. Buckley (whose brother Sen. James Buckley of New York introduced a constitutional amendment to over-rule the near radical 1971 Supreme Court ruling on abortion) is a Catholic and obviously against it, generally, and his panel was carefully stacked in that direction.

St. John-Stevas spoke first to inform us that there had been "a very dramatic shift in sentiment" on abortion in England, and that the House of Commons had just voted by a huge majority (203-88) to tighten considerably Britain's 1967 Abortion Act. St. John-Stevas reported that England has had about seven years of experience with what he called liberalized abortion law and that through the law was a "gap" through which came a "whole host of ghastly abuses." He spoke of crooked doctors, racketeers, and the (proverbial) taxi drivers who have cropped up "under the cover of the law" to take commercial advantage of the situation. He spoke of **Babies For Burning**, a book by investigative journalists Michael Litchfield and Susan Kentish, with allegedly documented cases of fetuses being sold to soap factories. This report and others like it, said St. John-Stevas, had "shocked the conscience of the entire nation." Speaking with impeccable parlour restraint, St. John-Stevas left off the impression that the House of Commons and decent British had risen nobly to squelch a horror of plague proportions.

A cursory reading of the London papers and periodicals around the time of the House

of Commons vote in favor of tightening the Abortion Act suggests that the situation in Britain is not quite as cut-and-dried as St. John-Stevas made it out to be on "Firing Line." To begin first where St. John-Stevas began, it appears that the Abortion Act of 1967 can only be termed "progressive" in a provisional sense. According to abortion counselor and writer Madeline Simms, writing in "The Spectator" in February of this year, the Abortion Act "was the most advanced piece of legislation of its kind in Europe...but now by comparison with Scandinavia and indeed with Roman Catholic countries such as France and Austria, the 1967 Act looks very old-fashioned indeed." The 1967 act says, in effect, that a pregnancy may be terminated by a registered medical practitioner in a national health service hospital, or other approved place, if two practitioners think that continuing the pregnancy would involve risk to the woman's life or injury to her physical or mental health or that of her family. Abortion is also legal when the child is likely to be born with serious mental or physical abnormalities.

Conservatives like St. John-Stevas maintain that while the law sanctions abortions for restricted reasons, those "restricted reasons," the health and welfare of the mother and her family, are in fact so loose as to provide in effect abortion on demand. But not quite. As St. John-Stevas said, "Those who can pay can get an abortion on any grounds whatsoever." Those who can pay. Those who cannot give birth to an unwanted child or risk their lives on the knitting needle of some cheap and sordid commercial enterprise. This state of affairs was, presumably, the kind of injustice and abuse the act was invoked to curtail. Conservatives like St. John-Stevas further argue that the "liberalized" law has proven a catalyst for such injustice and abuse. Progressives -- especially those who favor further "liberalization" of the law -- argue that the original act was good only insofar as it brought ageless injustice and abuse to the light of day. Yet the question remains: How widespread is the sort of sordid abuse described in **Babies For Burning** as well as unjust anomalies within the system that have also been reported, and (b) is it the fault of the law or the fault of poor and half-hearted administrative implementation?

Meanwhile, opinion polls, for what they're worth, apparently show four-fifths in England are against abortion on demand, while the Movement For The Reform Of Abortion Laws continues to lobby for that right in the first 12 weeks of pregnancy, arguing that abuse will not be stopped by turning back the clock. Stoic anti-abortionists continue to stand staunchly for the rights of the fetus. And Britain is left with the decision to either tighten up a bad law or admit that abortion on demand is here to stay -- all of which takes much of the varnish off St. John-Stevas' unequivocal statement about a single-sided "dramatic shift in sentiment." It was unfortunate that subsequent thoughts and half-thoughts on this episode of "Firing Line" rattled about inside that cryptic image of the soap factory.

*****

Margot Hentoff brought a catch-philosophical phrase to the discussion. Abortion on demand, she said -- though somewhat less precisely -- would facilitate an "ethics of convenience." Although she appeared not to have read the available literature on abortion counseling, Hentoff spoke with a visceral certainty when she implied repeatedly: when abortions are made easy to obtain then women will obtain them because they are easy. It is not to trivialize the issue or the discussion on "Firing Line" to observe that Hentoff was something of a cocktail party iconoclast concerned primarily with the twitting of her liberal peers for their philosophical dishonesty in not calling abortion killing. As such, she acted not for herself but as Buckley's ventriloquist dummy. Hentoff's "ethics of convenience" demanded a little closer scrutiny than was given in the hour allotted.

Father O'Rourke, the discharged Jesuit, hardly got a word in edgewise. What he represented as a Catholic activist was the figure of the boyish incorrigible. Put in the position of challenger he couldn't summon up the rhetorical stamina and so, for the most part, was lost on the screen.

This "Firing Line" was a provocative, even infuriating, little social drama. It was a tantalizing surface structure which only hinted at the ambiguities that lie beneath any political position. ■

"...A cursory reading of the London periodicals around the time of the House of Commons vote suggests that the situation is not as cut-and-dried as made out to be on 'Firing Line'..."

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theatre

by Mike Smith

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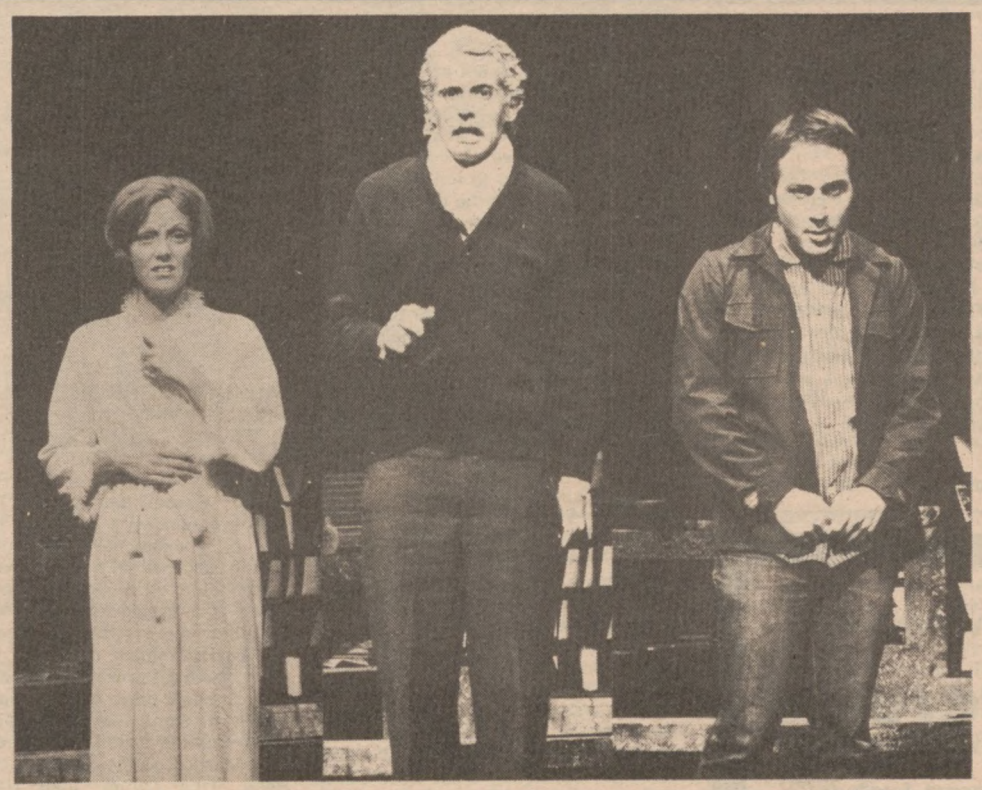

Barbara Wesner, Jim Blanton and Steve Bordner (left to right)

The USC Repertory Theatre's summer production of **Hot l Baltimore** is the second mounting of Lanford Wilson's prize-winning play in recent months at the University. Somwhow, all this attention seems highly unjustified.

Basically, **Hot l** is one of those plays like Gorky's **Lower Depths** where a group of people are stranded in a room with nothing to do but discuss their situation. Here, the room is the lobby of the Hotel Baltimore, a seedy joint slated for demolition, and the people are the clerks, whores, weirdos, and retirees who dwell there.

Action focuses on The Girl, a teen-aged hooker who works the night shift at the hotel, and her attempts to stir her neighbors to do something about the inevitable destruction of their home. The Girl's wild-eyed idealism provides hope for salvation, but the other residents -- encased as they are in separate "apart-ments" -- will not perform as a team to work for the common good. If any of this sounds familiar, it should, for Wilson cannot hide his allegorical intentions with lines like, "We gotta do something or they'll destroy this place." The **Hot l Baltimore** lobby is Wilson's vision of America on the brink of ruin, and the people there his cross-sample of popular American thought. Unfortunately, his is a simple vision which repeatedly calls attention to itself.

The USC production does little to enhance Wilson's work with the exception of some fine acting, especially from the women. As April Green, the **Hot l** bawdy grande dame, Drucilla Brookshire works hard to make the play and her role work as entertainment, but her performance is too dependent of Conchata Farrell's from the television show. Still, Brookshire is sorely missed when not on stage. Laura Lind works miracles with her role of Suzy, commanding sympathy for a character who is almost too monstrously vulgar to deserve it. She is also an excellent comedienne. Miriam Taylor as The Girl begins poorly, but more than redeems herself in the second and third acts as she grows more desperate with her situation.

Barbara Wesner is a victim of her youthfulness and physical attractiveness. As the retired waitress and former Southern lady Millie, she ably controls her physical movements and vocal inflections, but her face escapes the make-up which should age her. Karen Williams' role of Jackie must be one of the worst written in all of modern drama. Williams gets through it with a display of skill in her quieter moments. Her lines get lost in the expanse of space above the stage whenever she hollers, which she must too often do.

The men do not fare as well, perhaps because the males lack the eccentricities and outlandishness which Wilson assigns to his women. Jim Blanton's Mr. Morse is a solid, controlled performance, and Blanton has some good comic bits. James Propes is excellent as the officious Mr. Katz, the day manager. Paul Kersey is somewhat bland as Paul Granger III, an angry young man. The role of Jamie, Jackie's brother, is interesting only because of Stephen Bordner's performance. Who or what he is playing will have to remain one of those "mysteries" of the theatre, but Bordner is fine in a comic scene with Blanton and in the very difficult and dramatic third act. The supporting cast -- Mike Clancy, Sarah Oliphant, Larry Schier, Harold Stockton, Janet Tuten, and Bill Lewis -- do the best they can within the limitations of each role.

Director Russell Green too often loses control of this stageful of people. His direction is down-right sloppy during the first act when playwright Wilson tries to play-off the threat, cursings, and pleadings of two angry tenants of differing personalities and life styles who are both arguing with Mr. Katz. Though the actors have bothered to learn these lines, they may as well be speaking Pig Latin for all the sense that somes from them. Instead of a well-controlled, believable situation, we get three people screaming simultaneously.

Green does quite well with building quiet intensity during the third act. The stage is not so fully populated as before; the action is more intimate and dramatic; and Lind, Brookshire, Bordner (who loosens up here), and Taylor finally get to the meat of their roles. Green dishes up this scene -- Suzy's departure -- in a harmonious blend of gaiety and pathos, champagne and tears, without throwing in false sentiment to grab audience reaction.

Walter O'Rourke's **Hot l** lobby seems a bit too eloquent to be marked for destruction. The classical setting -- columns and staircase against a black backdrop -- is strangely out of place and hardly seedy enough. It also draws attention to the "weight" behind Wilson's comedy, leading us to expect the heavy ruminating we eventually get.

Hot l Baltimore is too schizophrenic to make it as mindless, Neil Simon comedy and too comic and obvious to serve as serious drama. It raises interesting questions about society, builds some amusing and moving situations, and offers enough good roles to allow for some excellent performances. Unfortunately, it never congeals into a fully satisfying or convincing whole.

"...Wilson cannot hide his allegorical intentions with lines like, 'We gotta do something or they'll destroy this place'..."

See theatre listings on page 10 for times.

■

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events & entertainment

Edited by Venson Steadman/July 5-11

CINEMA

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Mandingo." Lust and violence down on de ole plantation with Marse Perry King "pleasuring" his slaves while wife Susan George, a cross between Scarlett O'Hara and Georgina Spelvin, must seek elsewhere for a little animal comfort. This purported realistic view of the ante-bellum south is one of those ideas so ludicrous that it's almost enjoyable, and Richard Fleischer (the obvious choice) has directed with a creatively vulgar touch. Of course it's crude exploitation, but probably truer to the facts of its period than the romantic spectacle of "Gone With the Wind." R. 2:15, 4:45, 7:15, and 9:45.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 786-0790

"Danish Pastries" and "The Newcomers." Both X and show continuously from 3:30 p.m. with the last complete show at 8:30.

CINE-ART THEATRE, 1017 Washington Street, 779-3039

"Love You to Death" seems to offer a morbid twist to the usual X rated goings on. Also "Mary Jane." Shows start from 1 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

Last year's "The Exorcist" set out to explore new frontiers in movie grossing potential -- in both senses of the word. It's really not as bad as one might have expected although the fright level would seem to depend on how literally you believe what is being depicted. The wave of movie horrors that many predicted to follow it has -- with the exception of the disaster films -- fortunately never come to pass. R. 1:30, 4, 6:30, and 9.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

What mother's son and/or daughter doesn't have a warm spot in their heart for "Bambi?" With all the junk the Disney studio has turned out in the past few years, people tend to forget that it once produced some of the best and most innovative, if admittedly schmaltzy, animation ever made. And now that "Bambi" is once again available in its septennial re-release, a whole generation of children can see it for the first time. The show times are 3, 5, 6:30, and 8:30.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Mall, 798-1110

"Jaws." Anyone willing to stand in line for about a half an hour (the box office opens 45 minutes before each show) is obviously not going to be influenced by anything we could say about this movie, which is OK, but certainly not up to the overblown, omnipresent promotion. A few good scares and less gore than might be expected, and those ads that say "too intense" for younger children are just bull; it's definitely not too intense for any American kid now days, although this ploy gives the distributor an excuse for charging everybody $3 a ticket -- even, presumably, babes in arms. Is any film worth submitting to this kind of bilko operation? PG. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Happy Hooker" has the porno style and ambience, but the producers have underplayed the sexploitation (it's only rated R) and Lynn Redgrave gives a fine, likable performance as Xaviera Hollander. The movie would really seem to be almost a position paper for the porno industry -- posing the question, what's so bad about feeling good? -- and this commonsensical if somewhat simplistic approach to prostitution and sexual relations makes for a pleasant, low key good time. With Jean Pierre Aumont and a brief appearance by Tom Poston. 1:40, 3:30, 5:20, 7:10, and 9.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"The Other Side of the Mountain." It's a love story about the crippling of a professional skier. PG. 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, and 9:30.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Plaza Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Benji." Poor Benji is kicked, reviled and generally oppressed in this dog story that some children have reportedly been seriously upset by. Bring your crying towel if you're a sucker for big brown eyes. G. 2, 4, 6, and 8.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Drowning Pool" is a new detective movie starring Paul Newman as Ross MacDonald's Harper. PG. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1228 Main Street, 256-1950

"French Connection II." This sequel to the highly successful "French Connection" switches locations from New York to Marseille and reportedly is more of a character study of Popeye Doyle, played once again by Gene Hackman. R. 2:35, 4:55, 7:10, and 9:30.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 254-5800

"Tommy." This slight but likeable rock opera is obviously too slim a foundation for a man of Ken Russell's vision. Russell has called "Tommy" "the greatest work of art in the 20th century" (he may have been only partly fooling) and has set out to prove it with a pastiche of extravagant effects -- the movie is a lip-synched picturization of the album score -- that are occasionally fun but ultimately overkill. Furthermore, the high pressure promotion and $3 road show price make a mockery of this movie's anti-commercial message. Some creative casting with an excellent Ann-Margret as the mother, and Oliver Reed, Tina Turner, Jack Nicholson, Elton John, Eric Clapton, and Roger Daltry as Tommy. PG. 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9. The 3 p.m. show will be dropped on Monday through Thursday. On July 4 and 5 there will be a late show at 11:15, "Zachariah."

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Walking Tall, Part II." More of the same in this sequel to the popular story of Buford Pusser. It won't be a continuing story because Pusser was killed in a car crash last year. Bo Svenson, last seen in "The Great Waldo Pepper," is cast this time in the lead and the director is Phil Karlson of the original as well as "Framed." 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9.

RICHLAND MALL I THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

It's a week for sequels with the premier of "Funny Lady," that takes up where "Funny Girl" left off. Barbra Streisand, of course, as Fanny Brice, James Caan appears as Billy Rose, and Omar Sharif of the dewy cornea gets the kiss off as Nicky Arnstadt. 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:30. The late show July 4 and 5 is "The Cheerleaders."

RICHLAND MALL II THEATRE, Richland Mall, 782-2228

"Return of the Pink Panther." A faintly anachronistic, wholly unambitious, totally delightful throwback to the mild, situation-ridden comedies of the early sixties. Peter Sellers recreates his role as Inspector Clouseau, the bumbling but self-sure French detective, who drives his chief inspector (Herbert Lom) off the deep end but always, miraculously, gets his man and the giant diamond known as the Pink Panther. Directed in a fast, black-out style by Blake Edwards with good natured appearances, by Catherine Schell and Christopher Plummer. G. 1:15, 3:15, 5:15, 7:15, and 9:15.

THEATRE

The USC Repertory Theatre will be continuing its season through August 2. "Picnic" will be completing its opening run on Friday and Saturday, July 4th and 5th. After that the schedule for the season will be : "Picnic," July 13, 15, 19, 24, 25, 29, and 30. "Charley's Aunt" July 8, 9, 12, 17, 18, 23, 27, and August 2. "Hot I Baltimore," July 10, 11, 16, 20, 22, 26, 31, and August 1. All performances will be at 8:15 except on Sunday, when they will be held at 3 p.m., and tickets are $1 for students, $2 for USC faculty and staff, and $3 for adults.

A scene from "Hot I Baltimore"

ART

Gallery IV in Irmo will continue a three week exhibit of American Indian art through July 17. The artists to be presented will be Leonard Riddles (professional name, Black Moon), a Comanche Indian from Oklahoma whose works are on permanent display at the art gallery of the Department of the Interior as well as the private collections of such persons as Senator Fred Harris and Mrs. Robert Kennedy, and Sarah Ayres, a Catawba Indian from South Carolina who carries on the tradition of Catawba pottery with large and small pieces in the oldest of known South Carolina art forms. Gallery IV is located on Route 60, one mile from I-26.

Three new shows will be beginning at the Columbia Museum of Art Wednesday, July 9th. "Photographic Art" is a collection of work by three Columbia area photographers, C. Edward Beaman, Hunter L. Clarkson, and Robert M. Smith Jr., and will be opened with a reception and slide show at 8 p.m. Wednesday. Refreshments will be served and the public is invited. Thirty paintings by Paul Anderson, a member of the Cloistered Artists guild, will be presented in the East and West Galleries of the Museum. Mr. Anderson specializes in representational and realistic painting. "Etruscan Art" is twenty-seven piece "mini-exhibit" that will be shown in the Case Gallery upstairs, with artifacts and art objects

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from the pre-Christian Etruscan period. The exhibit has been arranged in connection with a special summer seminar by Dr. Charles Mack at USC.

MUSIC

The Barry White Concert at the Carolina Coliseum has been rescheduled for Saturday, July 19. Those wishing to purchase or pick up tickets may do so at the Taylor Street and Broadwood Pharmacies. The Coliseum Box Office will be closed until July 14.

SPECIALS

A Carolinas Area convention of the Jehovah's Witnesses is scheduled at Carolina Coliseum on July 3 through 6, with times being 9:55 a.m. to 1 p.m. and 3 to 5:30 p.m. daily. It's billed as discussion rather than proselytism, and is open to the public without obligation. Anyone wishing more information may phone 796-7484.

CLUBS

THE COPPER DOOR, 2307 Rosewood Drive, 771-9387

"Joplin" finishes out the week through July 5. A probable $1 per head cover charge for members.

THE JADE EAST, Carolina Inn, 937 Assembly Street, 799-8200

Thelma Jones sings through the 5th. Freddie Paul is scheduled for the following week. The cover is $2 for women, $3 for men, and $5 for couples.

THE SECOND LEVEL, 2011 Devine Street, 771-4794

"Joanie and Friends" for the 4th and 5th. Next week: Hal and Leon on Monday, Larry Rhodes on Tuesday, Rob Crosby for Wednesday, Jim, Lee and Connie on Thursday, and "Knappy Patch" for the weekend of July 11 and 12. $1 on the weekend, 50 cents during the week.

THE LEFT GUARD, 2728 Rosewood Drive, 799-2575

"Mayson" July 4 and 5; "Road Apple" next week. The charge is roughly $1 to $1.50 for members.

THE CHOPPING BLOCK, 1021 Briargate Circle, 772-2011

"Silk and Steel" continue through the 12th. No cover.

THE FORUM, 1520 Senate Street, 771-9973

A band yet to be scheduled at press time for July 4th and the club will be closed on the 5th. Next week "Any Time" for Wednesday, July 9, Rusty Davis sings on Thursday, Skip Reason and his jazz Trio will start on the 11th and continue through the following week. The charge is $1 on weekends, free during the week, no membership required.

TV Pick of the Week

What do these earnest-looking individuals have in common? Nope, they're not running for president of the state Young Republicans. Yes, the CIA probably kept files on all of 'em, but that's not what after...well, these are "Six of The Nation's Leading Mayors," according to the PR release we got, and they'll be on Channel 10 on Sunday, July 6 from 12 noon-1 p.m. for a special one-hour edition of "Meet The Press." Shown are (top, left to right) Joseph Alioto of San Francisco, Seattle's Wes Uhlman, and Detroit's Coleman Young. On the botton row we have, Fred Hofheins of Houston, Peoria's Richard Carver and Boston mayor Kevin White. What we wanna know is how Columbia mayor John Campbell misses this annual show every year. What's the deal? How about it, Mayor, whereever you are....

THE THREE CHAIRMEN, 1824 Edmund Road, Cayce, 794-1290

The club will be closed for the 4th and 5th. Next weekend Kenny Higgins is set to perform on Friday the 11th, and "Just Two," two women in a country folk duo on the 12th. No cover charge.

THE PUMPERNICKEL, Arcade Mall Downtown, 254-0775

Jim, Lee and Connie on Saturday, July 5 and the following Saturday. No cover.

OLIVER'S PUB, Devine Street at Harden, 771-6662

No entertainment for the weekend of the 4th. The club is open from 11 in the morning to 2 a.m. daily. For members only.

TELEVISION

Saturday, July 5

12:30 p.m. - Tennis. The women's singles final of the Wimbledon Tennis Championship. The tournament concludes at 5 p.m. with the men's finals. (Channel 10)

1:30 p.m. - John Hartford, The Nitty Gritty Dirt Band, Linda Ronstadt, and Steve Martin are the performers in "Don Kirshner's Rock Concert." (Channel 25)

2:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Baltimore Orioles face the New York Yankees. (Channel 10)

4 p.m. - Soccer. The New York Cosmos against the Seattle Sounders. The first television look at the Cosmos' fabulously expensive acquisition, Pele, in a North American game. (Channel 19)

8 p.m. - ABC News Close-up. An update program on four previous reports: the food processing industry, the investigation of fire hazards, air safety, and IRS snooping. (Channel 25)

8 p.m. - Music. A new series premieres with performances taken from the 1974 Philadelphia Folk Festival. Tonight: Arlo Guthrie and David Bromberg. (Channel 35)

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Carpetbaggers." A veritable trash basket of a movie with Harold Robbins 1963 best seller thrown in and production values courtesy of Joseph E. Levine, Jr., probably the most successful cinematic garbage collector that ever was. The plot is a soap opera gargantua about a millionaire industrialist, campy fun, but Robbins' jet set fantasies no longer seem as fashionable as they once were. With: George Peppard, Carroll Baker, Alan Ladd, Bob Cummings, Martha Hyer, Elizabeth Ashley, Lew Ayres... we could go on forever. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Moses the Lawgiver. Moses calls down the ten plagues on Egypt when the Pharaoh is recalcitrant. A literate, thoughtful show, although there are problems with the Italian production (language problems among others -- it's partly dubbed) and Burt Lancaster in the title role simply can't escape his and our Hollywood past. Anthony Quayle and Ingrid Thulin also appear in this week's episode. (Channel 19)

11:30 p.m. - Movie. "Youngblood Hawke." (1964) Can Yalie James Franciscus make it in the world of the big studio movies? Not likely. It's about a truck driver who becomes a novelist. Suzanne Pleshette. (Channel 10)

Sunday, July 6

1 p.m. - Someone at Channel 19 deserves a pat on the back for their excellent Sunday afternoon series of Hollywood classics. This week, "42nd Street," Busby Berkely's first film with Warner Brothers that has some of his most extravagant, and extravagantly funny dance numbers. It introduced Ruby Keeler and has such other familiar faces as Bebe Daniels, Warner Baxter (better known as Charlie Chan), Dick Powell, Ginger Rogers, Guy Kibbee, and Una Merkel. (Channel 19)

3 p.m. - Movie. Completing this week's double feature is "The Three Musketeers," the thirties version with Walter Abel and Rosamond Pinchot. (Channel 19)

5:30 p.m. - Racing. A special match race between Ruffian and Derby winner Foolish Pleasure, live from Belmont Park. (Channel 19)

7:30 p.m. - Joey and Dad. Having run out of "Cher" reruns, CBS begins this new series spotlighting the dubious talents of Joey Heatherton with her father Ray (starred in TV's "The Merry Mailman" in the early fifties) thrown in to hopefully relieve the boredom. (Channel 19)

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "Lady Liberty" has Sophia Loren but the plot line sinks expectations faster than the Titannic; "about a woman's efforts to import a mortadella sausage as a wedding present for her American bridegroom." Loren never has seemed able to find the proper vehicle for her talents. (Channel 25)

9:30 p.m. - Sixty Minutes makes its annual move upwards into the prime time lime light. Hopefully the individual segments will move upwards too although it's hard to think of anything that could be done with Shana Alexander. At least the one segment already scheduled looks promising with Beverly Sills being interviewed and filmed in rehearsal at the New York City Opera. (Channel 19)

Monday, July 7

8:15 p.m. - Baseball. The Brewers versus the Royals from Kansas City. (Channel 10)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. Chubby Checker, Dion, and the Marcels in 1961's "Twist Around the Clock." Has it been so long? (Channel 19)

Tuesday, July 8

8:30 p.m. - Movie. "The Gun." The main character in this 1974 TV movie is a .38 caliber revolver that is followed in documentary style through the hands of various innocent and criminal potential users. Useful propaganda against the seemingly all-powerful gun lobby. Repeat. (Channel 25)

10 p.m. - Documentary. "Broken Treaty at Battle Mountain" examines alleged government mistreatment of the Shoshone Indians in Nevada. Robert Redford narrates and Hugh Downs moderates a panel discussion following. (Channel 35)

11:05 p.m. - Movie. A week of late movie rock and roll nostalgia continues with "Head," a relatively forgettable imitation of the Beatles/Lester films with that TV imitation of the Beatles, The Monkees. (Channel 19)

Wednesday, July 9

9 p.m. - Drama. Richard Chamberlain, Eileen Atkins, and Keene Curtis in "The Lady's Not For Burning," Cristopher Fry's witty and eccentric play in verse from 1950. It's about murder and witchcraft in 15th century England. (Channel 35)

Thursday, July 10

8 p.m. - Gladys Knight and the Pips. Debut of a four week summer series with Sammy Davis Jr. and Paul Williams as tonight's guests. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "If It's Tuesday, This Must Be Belgium." Or how to see Europe on five chateaus a day. This 1969 film has a lot of familiar character actors, mostly from television, and a title that has since entered into our cultural lingo. (Channel 10)

9 p.m. - Movie. "The Corn is Green." Bette Davis is a Welsh schoolteacher who tries to elevate John Dall. (Channel 19)

1 a.m. - Tomorrow. John Lennon discusses his career with the Beatles. Repeat. (Channel 10)

Friday, July 11

8 p.m. - Movie. The virtues of thinking big are demonstrated in Mike Todd's "Around the World in Eighty Days," a sprawling and mostly delightful adventure starring David Niven, Shirley MacLaine, and Cantinflas with cameo appearances by just about everybody. Its basic plot and characters have since been imitated pointlessly in such films as "The Great Race" and "Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines." (Channel 19)

8 p.m. - Movie. "Haunts of the Very Rich." The latest network gag goes, we are told, "bring me a Cloris Leachman-in-peril script." Cloris Leachman, Lloyd Bridges, Edward Asner, Anne Francis, Donna Mills, and Robert Reed. (Channel 25)

1 a.m. - Midnight Special. Flip Wilson, Kenny Rankin, Blue Magic, Kiss, and Franklin Ajaye. (Channel 10) ■

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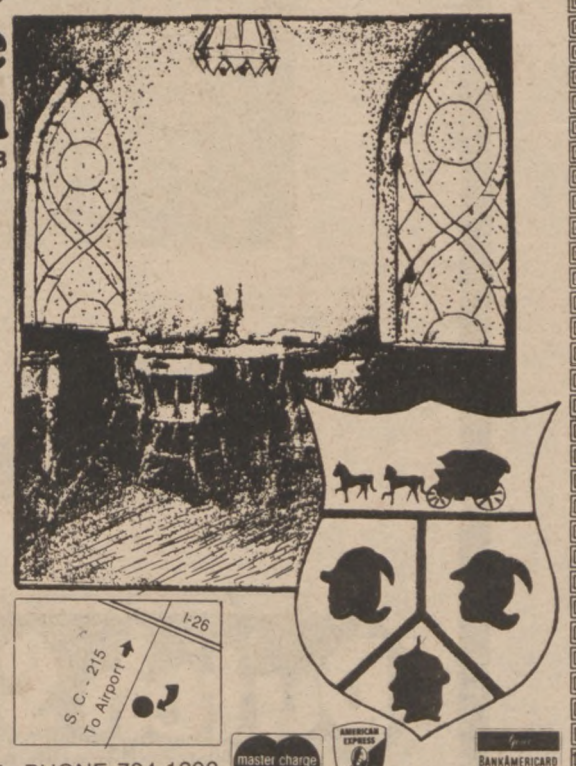

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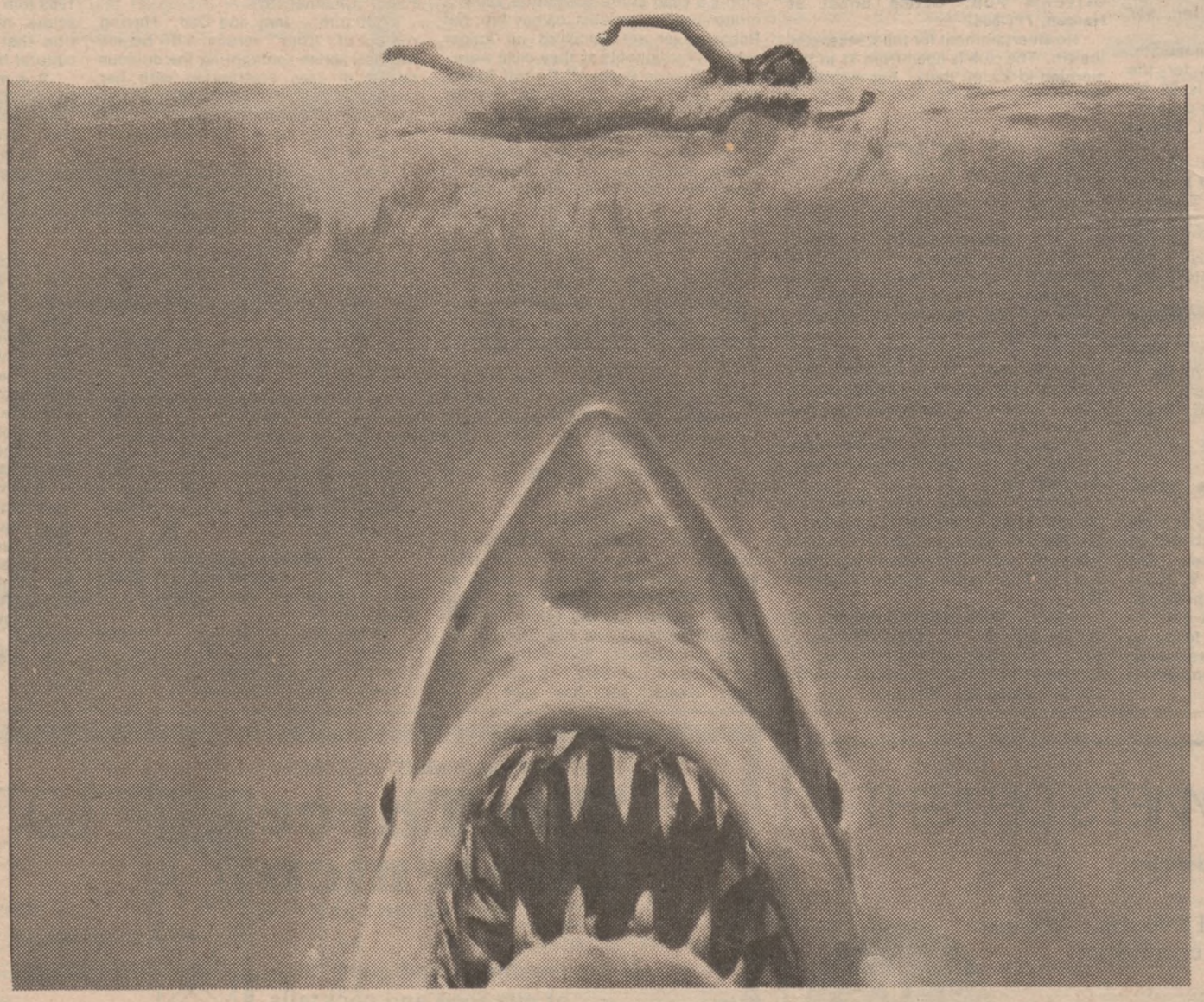

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